Unmasked (Erik/Phantom x female reader)

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Unmasked (Erik/Phantom x female reader)

by heeheehoohoo8

Summary

After the incident with the chandelier the phantom had been quiet but not unseen. You had noticed him more than others, he seems to be ever watching. When suddenly one night a chance meeting (or is it?) spurs into motion a torrid love affair.

Notes

The SA is very brief and only in the first chapter but it's important to note nonetheless. I've also kinda messed with canon. The chandelier falls in the middle during Carlotta's performance like in the stage version but Joseph isn't hung. I think I changed something else but I can't remember :)

The beginning

There was no one at the Opera Populair who didn't have a tale of the infamous opera ghost. Especially since the incident with the chandelier. However none seemed to notice him more than you. It began with odd shadows seemingly out of place, reflections in mirrors that ought not be there but one night during a performance you stood dead still upon seeing a masked face in the shadows of box five. The rest of the chorus members continued singing whilst you were glued to the spot the figure staring straight at you. You blinked and the spectre was gone.

Unsettled by the appearance of the ghost you unwittingly forget your bag in the dress rooms. You trudge the long dark hallways of the empty opera house every small sound elicits a tremor of fear. Even your own footsteps echo sounding alien in the darkness.

As you're about to approach your destination the stage hand Joseph Buquet appears from the darkness clearly with malicious intentions in mind.

"Hellooo baaby" his speech is slurred. He staggers over to you surprisingly fast.
"Hello Monsieur Buquet" you politely reply trying to avoid any unwelcome behaviour.
"You're so pretty in your little costume on stage you know that right" he slurs his hand reaching for you.

You instinctively move backwards and find you've run out of space to put between the two of you. Sliding up against the wall to avoid his outstretched hands proves futile as in a swift movement he lunges forward pinning your torso against the wall.

"Monsieur please unhand me you are drunk and know not of your actions"
You try to escape but once again he is freakishly strong considering his intoxication.

"Oh I'm quite aware" he says disgustingly as he presses the side of his face against yours deeply sniffing your hair. His hands reach up to grope your chest through cloth and tears begin to form in your eyes. You turn your head away from him as if not seeing what is happening will make it stop.

You hear the movement of fabric around you worried that there may be more than just him waiting in the dark for you despite this you yell for help to this possible person. To no reply. Your eye's squeeze shut as his fingers haphazardly try to remove your skirts.

All is silent except Joseph's raggedy breaths and your own helpless sobbing when abruptly Joseph's hands are ripped away from your body accompanied by a gurgled, choking sound. You open you eyes to see a noose round his throat his fingers clawing desperately at it to get it off. His body is all at once hoisted into the air leaving in his wake a half- masked man who could only be the phantom himself.

Shocked into silence you cannot process what is happening nor thank your saviour. As you gaze at him mouth agape you take a step towards him he startles and suddenly darts away with a speed you had not anticipated. Despite you prior fear you found yourself chasing after

him. This act of violence expected from the opera ghost yet the kindness behind it leaves you intrigued. Your curiosity is amplified when you follow him around a corner to a dead end punctuated with only a mirror. Who is this man?

The next day is chaos as the stage hand is found dangling from the ceiling. Upon his discovery you cannot help but tell the other chorus member of your strange encounter. Despite your clear emphasis on having been rescued no one seems to believe that part only thanking god that you were not taken too.

After this your sightings of the ghost seems to have lessened and yet you can't help but but feel like he is still there watching you, and that perhaps before he was always been watching. A menacing presence? No a guardian. Why else would he have intervened so?

Wandering down the halls of the opera house during a rehearsal break, your head filled with unanswered questions, you find your feet have taken you the mirror. The last place you saw him. You press against the mirror to see if it will admit you to no avail. Removing the garish red stage lipstick from a pocket in your skirts you clumsily write thank you backwards for this ghost to read and despite yourself you quickly apply a layer to your lips pressing them briefly against the mirror to show your appreciation. You check to see if anyone saw and bashfully run away.

Later on during rehearsals you think on the insanity of your actions he did not look to be a ghost but a man and men cannot pass through mirrors and solid walls. Be that as it may when you returned to the mirror after rehearsals you find a small, nearly imperceptible note tucked into the bottom left hand corner of the mirror frame. With shaking hands you open it.

Dearest ____,

I had hoped to spend the rest of my life unseen in this opera house but to be regarded by you in such a way is fascinating. In regards to my actions no thanks is required. I was simply ridding the world of another grotesque monster in the hopes it make me less of one.

Your most humble and obedient servant,
O.G

The writing it's self is beautiful and a sense of self loathing emanates from the voice of the man that wrote it. A shiver of fear passes through you at the thought of this seemingly omnipresent man but surely there is no monster who would do such a heroic thing.

From that day on you search for his face everywhere. In the darkness of the flies above the stage, in every shadow, every mirror hoping to catch another glimpse of this elusive phantom. You exchange notes with him in the same fashion and every day a reply is tucked discreetly in the bottom left of the mirror. His words charm you more then anyone else has before. You don't why you feel such a strong connection to this man.
You must see him again.

This all consuming feeling escalates to the point where one night you feign sickness to the managers to get out of a performance.

You climb up to the infamous box five to wait for him.

A curious encounter

You quietly tuck yourself away in the folds of the velvety curtains that line the walls of box five. Hoping to avoid the wandering eyes of manager and audience members alike. As well as trying not to scare the phantom himself away. The orchestra starts tuning up and the opera begins. Your disappointment grows with each passing moment but you decide to stay a little longer amusing yourself by watching the opera. You've never seen the performance from the outside in like this and you soon become immersed, watching through your gap in the drapery. So immersed in fact that you don't notice the figure entering the box.

"I know you're here, ____" a voice says low enough that only you can hear. It takes every bit of self control to not shriek upon hearing your name in the darkness. Yet your name in his mouth sends quivers of excitement through you.

You step out of your hiding place to find a cloaked figure seated on the right side of the box. You stand for a moment frozen in fear, feet glued to the ground. He raises a gloved hand beckoning you to sit beside him. You walk over and sit rigidly in the chair hands on your lap. He seems to be occupied with the opera so you follow suit. You sneak a side glance at him. From where he has seated himself you can only see the regular side of his face not the masked side. You can only imagine this was intentional. The two of you stay silent for a time. Your heart slowly fills with dread. The only thing you can see of this man is the pale flesh of his face, too pale and the deathly still expression on his face. Is he a ghost? For all you know the skeletal hand of death could be under those gloves. A corpse beneath that cape.

You slowly reach a hand up to his shoulder to attain an answer to your fears. Your hand meets solid fabric and muscle underneath. Upon this contact he flinches. You are also taken aback by the sudden movement, small movements frightening you in the bizarre situation you find yourself in. He turns to you his white mask reflecting the lights and colours on the stage. A unreadable expression passes across his face fleetingly.

"I am not a ghost, I am merely a man" he states reading your blanched face like a open book. Your mouth agape manages to muster up a few words.

"What is your name?" You ask simply

This question gives him pause a strange look glinting in his eyes. He answers simply also, the reply falling oddly from his lips.

"Erik" he whispers barely audible over the singing. He turns to the performance again falling into silence as before. You too fall silent the questions that had built up over time fading from your mind. Your sense of unease has dissipated now you know his name. Perhaps meeting in the box wasn't such a brilliant idea? Not much of a place for talking? It's too loud. Not that you were too concerned with this anymore but had this gone a different direction no one would be able to see you or hear should things go sour.

You are suddenly startled from your thoughts by a statement on his behalf.

“The chorus isn’t nearly as entrancing without you in it. They really should be giving you larger roles.” He states matter of factly, which brings a peculiar flush to your cheeks.

Just then first few bars for the final aria of the night, by the new leading lady Christine, start to play.

“Although these new managers track record with scouting talent is lamentable.” He sighs heavily as she begins to sing.

He looks troubled and despite his best efforts to keep his composure he keeps glancing over at you eventually abandoning the performance entirely and just staring at you like you’re a dissonant chord he is trying to bring to a resolution. You try to ignore it but the heat from his eyes is intense.

“What troubles you?” You muster up some courage to inquire

“Nothing” he says abruptly turning away once more and yet you can see that same curious expression on his face from before.

You’re not familiar enough to press further and decide to leave it be. The performance comes to a finish, as the applause dies down he speaks again.

“Meet me here during your break in rehearsals tomorrow. I cannot endure another mediocre performance tomorrow night.”

And with that he stands, you turn to watch him go. You eyes cannot comprehend what you are seeing as he melts into the opposite wall to the one you had hidden in earlier. You push aside the curtains to once again find solid wall. Your face pales. What else lies in store for you?

You hurry from there to your shared living quarters not wishing to be caught in a lie. You rush to bed, a roommate entering to visit you shortly after.

“Oh you look positively ghostly!” She exclaims “I do hope your feeling better tomorrow”

You think back on your curious interaction tonight and are quite sure you will be recovered. As the pounding of your heart is not from an ailment but from something else entirely.

When he smiles

The first half of the rehearsal seems to take an eternity. Your excitement perplexes you at times. You hardly know this man and when you met he didn't seem willing to let much on either. Yet when the time comes you rush up the steps regardless.

You enter the empty box and walk straight to the balcony overlooking the mass of chairs below. Just as before he silently appears behind you.

"Hello again, Erik" your say hand over your heart as you recover from the shock of his sudden appearance.

"Hello, ____" he makes sure to use your name. His voice is as strangely sensual and melodious as your first meeting. And you wonder why you were ever scared of him at all perhaps it is the light of day that alleviates your worries.

"You'll have to show me how you do that some day" you say a small smile comes to you face.

"What's that?" a small crease forms betwixt his brows

"Appear out of thin air! If you're merely a man as you would claim to be then explain that!" You say in jest clapping his arm playfully maybe too chummy as he recoils slightly at the touch.

"Forgive my stiffness, kindness is not something I am used to" he says, instantly explaining his behaviour from the previous night also.

"Whatever for?" you inquire

"Ah, that is a long story best suited for another time" he stops you in your tracks closing that conversation off from you. What is his intentions in meeting with you? He clearly desires your presence, your company but will refuse any attempt to get to know him. It's baffling.

He changes the subject deftly. "Your managers are quite oblivious to you talents." He states "Its hard to miss the marked increase in applause when you take you bow. If I had a hand in things…" he ponders to himself for a moment.

"But Monsieur, enough about me. You are making me blush. What are your interests? How do you fill your days?" You say eager to learn more about this enigma of a man.

"I mostly compose these days." He says his demeanour changing with his obvious enthusiasm on the topic. "I have been working on an opera for quite sometime now, though it's far from finished." He replies finally revealing a morsel of information about himself.

"That's incredible!" you say mirroring his enthusiasm "I should love to hear some of it. Although box five isn't exactly the best place for it" you say a disappointed smile on you

face. “If only there was somewhere more private” you lower your voice not wanting to draw unwanted attention as you realise that with excitement your voice is rising.

“Before I forget….” you say quickly filling the silence. “I wanted to thank you again for saving me that night, in person this time” you say. You can’t quite pinpoint where exactly the thought formed in your brain, all you know is your body was in motion all of a sudden. You lean towards him eyes fluttering closed but instead of meeting the cool surface of the mirror as before your lips meets the soft, warm flesh of his cheek.

Your gratitude having been expressed, you withdraw quickly. He is frozen in place until his stillness is disturbed by his hand which quickly flies to the offending cheek.

“I..” there is a break in his usual stoicism he falters for a moment, it clearly written across his face before he tries to compose himself once more.

“Rehearsals will be starting again soon.” He stumbles over the words. “You had better return” he states abruptly sweeping through the wall disappearing just as quickly as he entered.

You cursed yourself for your familiarity with him. Had you frightened him off for good? Hoping that wasn’t the case you returned to the mirror later that day in the hopes he hadn’t yet decided to cut of communication entirely. You are ecstatic to find not only had he left a note but a single rose tied with a black ribbon had also been placed on the floor just below the frame.

Dearest ____,

My apologies once again my interactions with people are limited to say the least. I can see the expression on your face do not think that I don’t enjoy your company. It’s just that I don’t quite know how to express that in the moment. I do wish to see you again, should you desire I would be much obliged. Meet me at box five again tomorrow night and we shall slip away to a more private location. Perhaps I shall show you how to walk through walls.

Your most humble and obedient servant,
O.G

You’re delighted by the humour in his letter contented in the knowledge that you were not bothersome to him.

After another show in which you do notice the increase in applause at your final curtsy. You hurriedly remove your costume and head up to the box once more making sure not to be followed. It is empty as always until you enter and he emerges from his hiding place to greet you.

“Hello I’m glad you decided to return” he says

“The pleasure is mine” you beam at him

“But now,” he says with a playful grandeur, “we shall walk through solid wall!”

You are still left unsure as to how he does it as his hand passes through the wall unlike your prior attempts. He beckons you to walk through first. Which you do with your hands outstretched in front of you. You walk cautiously. You feel his free hand press against the small of you back guiding you through assuring you, you won't walk face first into a wall.

"I haven't shown my opera to another soul, I should be very grateful for the criticism" he says as he guides you through. You are met by a long dark hall on the other side, when suddenly as if by magic, candles which line the walls light up one by one lighting the way forward. You turn to him eyes filled with whimsy.

A light dances in his eyes that you haven't yet seen. He looks as happy as you feel. You grab his hand and urge him to move forward swept up in the fantastical magic of it all. He smiles and you're suddenly aware of how beautiful he is. You wish a secret wish that he would only smile like that for you. You wander for a while childlike fascination in simply watching while the candles light up ahead and diminish behind. Eventually you are led down a spiralling flight of stairs, amazed by this new secret side to the opera house of which you thought you knew well.

At the bottom of the stairs you find a boat waiting for the two of you upon a lake. The mystery of it all. How did such a place come to be? Who is this man? Everything is entrancing to you the ripples on the lake not ordinary water but magic patterns weaving themselves, the candlelight not fire and wax but glowing fairies flitting in your periphery.

After a short journey you arrive at what you can only assume is your destination. Red velvet and gold overwhelms your sight, candelabras rise from the lake and light upon breaching the surface. He holds a hand out to you helping you out of the boat and into his home.

You stare in awe at the cavernous walls juxtaposed against the sumptuous and luxurious ornamentation surrounding you, when you recall why you came here in the first place

"Might I peek at the score?" you say regaining your senses

He strides to his piano to gather his sheet music and passes it over towards you. You scan the pages the music flys from the page, the melody itself is innovatory and strikingly different from the music you are usually surrounded by. You move on and begin to read the libretto

You will have to pay the bill tangled in the winding sheets

As you read the words a blush comes to your face it's quite racy.

You parse a particularly beautiful passage and sing it out loud:

"No thoughts within her head but thoughts of joy, no dreams within her heart but dreams of love…"

You reach the high note and enjoy the feeling. Being member of the chorus doesn't really afford you the chance to challenge your vocal range and perhaps you enjoy the chance to show off a little. He a little taken aback but not too surprised.

“I knew they were squandering your talents in the chorus. Would you give me the honour of singing with me?” he asks

“I would love to” you smile

He begins playing the opening bars of the song entitled past the point of no return. It’s your turn to be surprised his voice, though you could have guessed by the way his speaking voice sounds, its deep and sensuous he easily navigates the highs and low of the song evoking so much emotion with only his voice and the piano that you are so overwhelmed you nearly forget your queue to come in.

“You have brought me to that moment when words run dry to that moment when speech disappears into silence…”

As the song unfinished comes to an end you can see a rouge has come to his cheeks also.

Although your mind is running a hundred miles an hour after the long night of performing you find yourself physically exhausted. He, perceptive as always, notices this a leads you to a gorgeous ornate bed which you happily climb into fully clothed and fall asleep to the sweet sound of the piano.

A new normal

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You rouse from your slumber and for a moment are disoriented before the previous night of magic comes back to your foggy mind. You sit up and find that despite not having been bothered to fix the sheets in your exhausted state, the blankets are now snugly laid across you.

You look around at the enchanting surroundings once more searching for that familiar face. You find a dark shadow slumped over the organ. As you move toward him in his vulnerable state you think on how in your brief meetings with him he hardly lets his true self shine through. Most of the time it is this facade that he has created of the Opera Ghost a persona meant to exude fear. As you gaze over his sleeping form, awkwardly hunched over the keys you feel a contentment knowing this is sight for only your eyes.

“Erik..” you whisper whilst resting a hand on his back, hoping to gently stir him from his slumber. He groans and moves a little. Leaning over you give him a modest kiss on cheek he jerks upright, surprised to find another in his abode just as you were surprised to wake in a strange bed. His hand flies to his mask briefly finding it still attached he relaxes completely.

“I must have dozed off my apologies” he says groggily before quickly becoming panicked, “You should already be preparing for the opera tonight. Time has evaded me” he tsks to himself whilst affixing his cape.

Extending a hand to you which you grasp firmly, he leads you to a curtain which he sweeps aside revealing a hidden door. Hurriedly the two of you roam the twisting halls climbing a multitude of stairs before exiting above the opera stage itself he helps you out onto the unstable walk of the flies.

“Goodbye, Erik” you say turning to join the others readying themselves below.

“Before you go…” he says pulling you back by your hand, he leans in pressing his lips softly against yours. Your eyes widen with surprise before closing, warmly reciprocating having waited for him to make the move that shows he feels as you do. You break away hearts fluttering, faces flushed.

“Goodbye” he says watching you make your way down below.

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“Christine!” The cheery voice of Meg calls out as she bundles toward her “Whatever are you staring at” she says her eyes redirecting above to find the object of her fixation.

“I… nothing” Christine says quickly looking down not wanting to cause a panic on closing night. The image of the cloaked figure passing overhead plays in her mind. It was unmistakably him.

She is shaken from her thoughts by a flurry of excitement from the chorus girls. She rushes over to investigate and is relieved to find that the missing girl had returned. Though she is concerned by the correlation in proximity of the phantoms reappearance and the girls return.

***

You try to discreetly sneak backstage to apply your make up and get dressed in costume, but are promptly smothered by a horde of your fellow chorus members. They must have noticed your absence after not returning to your dormitory last night. You notice Christine staring at you close by an oddly relieved smile on her face.

“Oh, you do not know how worried we have been! Closing night and we had thought you’d been spirited away by the ghost himself!” A particularly energetic girl says to you.

“Mmm?” You say an eye brown quirked “but you have too much of an active imagination”

“So what were you up to then?” another chimes in

“That’s for me to know and you to find out” you say avoiding the question as you busy yourself getting ready as usual.

After the show you let the others know you won’t be returning tonight to avoid stirring up unneeded unrest throughout the opera house. As usual you meet him and he takes you to his dwelling however unlike last time you’re prepared. You enjoy watching him work on his opera, interspersed by him playing on the piano. The music lulls you into a sleepy state dozing off for brief moment you are startled awake by a jarring crash of discordant sounds from the organ. Looking over you see that once again Erik has fallen asleep at the keys. You walk over to wake him.

“Erik! That’s the second time in two days that you’ve fallen asleep at the piano. Come! Why have a bed if your not going to use it?” You say exasperation hinting in your voice

“Here, let me help you” you say as you unbutton his shirt to go to bed. He seems reluctant but allows you to complete the task at hand. You remove one arm and walk behind him to get to the other arm when you notice his back is covered in tortuous scars from what appears to be a whip. You gasp softly your hand reaching, fingers gently making contact caressing the many scars there. A shudder ripples through his body.

“What happened?” You say softly not wanting to pry too much.

“It was a long time ago” he says solemnly “Not many are as tolerant of a creature like I, as you are”

You spin him around to face you. “You are not a creature! Come. Rest.” you change the subject the painful memory obviously not something he was wanting to broach in his sleep deprived state.

The two of you walk to the bed. He lies stiffly on his back beside you. Your head rests on his shoulder, hand over his heart, thumb rubbing soothing circles onto his chest. The pair of you fall asleep shortly after.

The very next day they announce the new production and cast and you can hardly believe it.

”Attention, attention” Monsieur Firmin shouts out before he concedes “Madame Giry?”

She knocks her cane immediately drawing silence from the cast.

“We are glad to announce we are beginning rehearsals on a new production”

“The leading female role will go to none other than our own miss Christine Daaé!”

He goes onto list the other major roles for the production.

“The minor roles are listed on the bulletin board just over there. If you’re not assigned a role you’ll be in the chorus as per the usual. Thank you!”

Everyone scurries to the board to see if they got a small part. As they do André and Firmin approach you.

“Miss ____, was it not?” Firmin inquires, upon your confirmation André interjects,

“We just wanted to say your performance in the chorus of the last opera did not go unnoticed.”

Firmin starts again the two of them trying to assert dominance in the conversation in quite a comedic way.

“We have given you a minor part. What was it again?” he slaps André’s arm, who promptly rolls his eyes “A grieving widow, in act two I believe.” he supplies

“Yes that was it, we look forward to the first performance” you politely nod as you cannot form words to thank them

You rush to meet Erik in box five as usual. “Erik!” You cry excitedly “in the new production they’ve given me an individual singing role, a minor character sure but I have my own lines”

“Perhaps those two aren’t as foolish as I initially thought” he says as he ushers your through the secret passage to his home.

This routine soon becomes normalcy to you. Each day rehearsing with a new found fervency and each night returning to his cavernous home. Even going to the extent to say you have purchased an apartment outside the opera house to explain your ongoing absences, ultimately to avoid unwanted suspicion. You're never short of something to do whether it be reading, pursuing the creative endeavours you didn't have the freedom to pursue in your cramped shared living quarters or even helping Erik with his work and singing with him.

One night you mentioned in passing that you used to take piano lessons as a child but are a bit rusty now. He got so excited trying to re-teach you so the two of you could play together. He's a great teacher and you were playing like a professional in no time.

Another night you noticed that Erik's mask seemed to be bothering him

"If it aggrieves you so, you need not wear the mask when it's only you and I" you suggest innocently

"NO!…" he shouts unexpectedly. He breathes deeply calming himself
"It's fine. I'm fine. I don't want you to see"

"I'll never force you to show me but I have to ask why must you hide? What happened to you?"

Your genuine questions of concern shatter his shortly lived calmness.

"I can't… My own mother abandoned me, put me in a travelling human oddities show. Joseph isn't the first man I've killed. When I was a child I had no other choice…" his hands claw desperately in your direction begging you to understand "no choice, but to kill the man who was beating me every day. They called me the devils child, a disgusting freak… I cannot show you because you'll leave me I know it."

You are shocked into silence and can only think to go to him. Your arms reach up wrapping gently around him. His arms hang limply besides him, recalling the past a painfully tiring feat. You softly speak into the crook of his neck.

"I would not leave you based on such hollow reasons. I do not care what is under that mask I would stay regardless, but I will not pry. Unless you're comfortable you don't have to take it off. It is your choice I simply want you to live on your own terms. If you never want to remove it I must live with that because I do not want to leave here." You look him in the eyes before softly planting a kiss on his lips resuming the hug soon after.

"Thank you" he simply says his arms squeezing against you.

That night as during the many others you two sleep beside each other each passing night he is more open to touch, the concept of affection foreign to him. Eventually he is sleeping with his arms around you, bodies spooned against one another in blissful silence.

Before too long it's opening night and you can hardly contain your excitement. As you walk on stage butterflies whiz about uncontrollably in your stomach.

Come on you've done this a million times before.

You take a deep breath to centre yourself. Looking out on the audience you become aware of Erik's comforting gaze on you from box 5. Your queue comes on and in an instant you're acting and singing your heart out just like you practiced. Applause breaks out as you exit stage.

Once again rushing to him this time not even bothering changing from your costume the residual adrenaline from the performance leave you energetic.

"You did well. Though of that I'm not surprised."

He continues to sing your praises as you make you way back to your home. By the time you arrive back your face is flushed not only with embarrassment but tinged with passion.

Chapter End Notes

I've tried to, as best as I can, flesh out a relationship but this is all I can bear. You don't understand how badly I want to jump this man's bones so next chapter is smut :)

Music of the night

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You cannot wait another second longer, your lips crash together. You pull away breathless. You gaze into his eyes, one partially obscured by his mask. You rest your hands on either of side of his cheeks, thumbs resting gently against his jawline careful not to touch his mask of which he was so sensitive.

His pupils are blown wide and yet he isn't or is unable to act upon his feelings. You lean forward suddenly closing the gap between you. You kiss him as passionately as you know how, his body almost seizes, muscles locking in place, his arms don't close around you. His lack of human affection having left him uncertain in this type of situation. After a moment you feel his body soften, his arm wrap behind you tightly, his leather clad- hand tangles its way into your hair and clenches painfully. You moan into his mouth upon which he immediately lets go and steps back.

"Are you alright?" he says his face riddled with concern, fearful almost.

"I'm quite alright you" smile sweetly "I was just beginning to enjoy myself actually"

You lean in once again. He reciprocates more gently then before

Hmm…

He hums pleasure into the kiss allowing himself to relax more than he ever has around you before. Your hands move down towards his trousers. He gasps, the sharp intake of breathe like an electric shock through his body, he pulls away yet again.

"Are you sure you'd debase yourself with me?" he states plainly as he turns away

"I think I've got sense enough to know what I want, Erik" he shudders at the use of his name having hardly heard it from the mouth of another.

You cross the space he has put between the two of you and turn him around before kissing him once again, a soft, sweet kiss full of sincerity that you hope inform him of your feelings and intentions. Every action he takes he seems unsure of himself so you reassure him through touch. Your hands rest against his chest exposed by his loose and low neckline. Your hands slip to the side under his shirt yearning to touch as much skin as possible.

Eventually you pluck up the courage to begin unbuttoning the shirt. His gloves hands grope at your waist bringing you body closer to his. Gyrating against each other as if his will alone will remove your clothing. His fingers play with the lacings of your corset. The idea lingering in his mind the action not yet taken. It was clear you would need to lead despite not being very experienced yourself.

You remove his shirt, his arms briefly detaching themselves from you to help. After which you turn around moving your hair to one side the silent action beckoning him to release you from your cloth prison. He rids himself of his gloves with his teeth them being discarded somewhere nearby.

His fingers make quick work of your outer clothing before untying your corset. His fingers trace patterns down the silky slip underneath. He kisses your neck the coolness of the mask brushing against your jaw. His small act of intimacy elicits from you a breathy sigh. His hands grab at the fabric once more uncertain of what lies next.

You pull away spinning to face him you grab both his hands pulling him towards the ornate bed in your periphery. In a haze he follows. Once he is on the bed you slip the flimsy piece of cloth off it pools around your feet. As you do so you can see the lust in his eyes, the crimson spilling across his cheeks, not to mention the telltale hardness in his trousers.

You climb up onto him pulling him into another kiss your tongue breaks through looping lazily. You force him to recline hand's trailing down to his pants one again yet this time successfully breaching them. His breathing becomes more deep and ragged. You lower both his trousers and undergarments to allow access to his dick which springs free with much enthusiasm.

In comparison with your prior experiences he was big. Your hands climb up his toned body as you seat yourself above him before slowly sliding yourself downwards. You set a slow pace working your hips against him increasing the speed soon after to get the friction you both want.

His chest rises and falls in time with the grind of your hips. He seems to be trying to contain himself, preserve some sense of dominance, of power that he usually has as the opera ghost. Despite this his rapid breaths quickly give way to long, deep, sultry moans that twist your stomach urging your pace on.

His confidence having return to him he swiftly flips you on your back so he can set the pace. His strong arms rest on either side of you. With your legs splayed out beside you he can hit that sweet spot even better. The perfect balance between rough and gentle he thrusts particularly hard the loud slaps of your bodies echoing in the cavernous room. Tongues and hands explore whilst your hips grind together firmly.

There isn't a single moment of silence between the two of you. His ragged cries and mewling moans making your pussy throb feeding the ever growing tension inside. His mouth desperately presses against your own, locked in the most passionate of kisses. He moans loudly into you open mouth his body arching away from you shortly before returning to lap at your neck the coolness of his mask sends tingles down your spine adding to the glorious sensations, his raspy moans never once ceasing.

His beautiful voice howling all through the night run ragged by the over exertion. You could listen to that voice forever and never tire of it.

You can feel that familiar intensity building up inside as he increases the speed clearly close himself. Your body tenses as you are overwhelmed by your orgasm involuntarily clenching

around his dick. His moans suddenly go from low to high in a crescendo of passion. He is quick to pull out his seed spilling to the floor. He slumps down onto the bed his lips press against your cheek his hands find their familiar place around your waist.

“I love you.” He says quietly

“I love you too, Erik” you reply a smile forms on his face. The two of you lay in ecstasy slipping off into a deep sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Angst next mwah ha ha ha

Unmasked

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You wake before Erik his arms still, albeit loosely, looped around your waist. With little effort you roll over so you can watch the peacefully sleeping face of the man you've found yourself so taken by. As you turn your surprised to find his mask gone. It must have been displaced in his sleep. You know he is quite reserved in regards to showing you his face resentful of himself. Despite this you cannot help but look.

You had suspected there was some truth in the rumours due to Erik's protectiveness of his mask and they were confirmed by his revealing of part of his past. The flesh beneath is unusual, misshapen to an extent yet in his sleep, so peaceful you cannot think on anything other then how beautiful he is. This sense of peace is crushed by the sudden feelings of heartache when you realise how much he a has suffered at the hands of those who don't understand, ostracised even though he has so much beauty to offer but the world is unwilling to see past his exterior.

Overcome you wake him from his slumber with a kiss both your hands cupping his cheeks. He stirs dazed but soon reciprocates, his own hands reaching to hold yours. His hand brushes against the exposed skin of his face, eyes widen with realisation and he pushes you away before quickly standing putting as much distance between the two of you as possible in the blink of an eye.

"I trusted you" he says his voice calm in comparison to his body language. "You're just like the others" His face is covered with his hands he turns away his back curled over, deep breathes shaking his frame.

You try to crawl closer to him to comfort him reassure him "I didn't take it off I swear…" he cuts you off.

"Get out" he says voice low and firm as he opens up what appears to be yet another secret mirror entrance to the opera above.

"Erik wait! It must have fell off in your slee-!" You scramble to explain yourself but it falls upon deaf ears

"Get away from me!" He suddenly yells turning to look at you uncovering his face like it will scare you away.

Your face is blank devoid of any emotion yet quiet tears stream down your face. You quickly slip on your dress not bothering with the undergarments, shoes or anything. And head to the door he avoids looking at you one hand over his face the other roughly shoving a chamber-stick into you hands.

“Erik…” you barely whisper looking over your shoulder back at him you glimpse for a moment your emotions mirrored on his face his tear’s glittering in the candlelight before he slams the door and you are enveloped in darkness.

You walk through what seems to be endless tunnels the silence broken only by your muffled sobs finally you see a light at the end of the tunnel and find it’s a mirror. You check no one is around to see you and you open it. The glass shuts behind you automatically locking Erik from you as you climb out you realise it’s the first place you ever saw Erik. If you had been containing yourself before this broke you, you slide down to the floor and sob violently for who knows how long as the chamber stick burns itself out.

***

It’s exactly as it happened with Christine.
She will inevitably reject me just as she did.

He hadn’t moved from the spot he last left you. One hand resting on the frame of the mirror holding up the weight of his entire body without it he would slump to the floor.

Finally he stirs to try to find his mask ruffling the blankets and sheets to try to find it seems to take all the energy he can muster. After not finding it he contemplates whether you took it with you as some kind of twisted trophy. He realises he would’ve seen it if that were the case. He walks over to the side of the bed he was sleeping on and sits down sinking into the mattress as his eyes wander downwards he finds his mask there on the floor beside the bed. He recalls the words he had ignored earlier

“Erik wait! It must have fell off in your slee-!”

A horrified expression passes his face. The horrible feeling of being exposed against his will bringing back all the bad memories.

Well, it was bound to happen anyway, whether he pushes you away, or you find him to be repulsive and leave he’s cursed to be alone forever

***

Christine in the midst of a conversation with André suddenly becomes aware of a distinct sobbing emanating from a previously unoccupied hall. When they part ways she moves towards the sound to investigate.

She is shocked to find the girl who had gone missing perhaps a month prior. The girl whom she feared had become entangled with the phantom as she had not long ago.

I was in the only room down this hallway just a moment ago and she wasn't here when I left. Not to mention I've been engaged in conversation with the manager at the only exit to this hall, so would've seen if anyone walked past.

Her eyes worriedly flick between the mirror and the strangely familiar, gilt chamber-stick beside the girl with a single white candle almost completely melted.

I must keep a close eye on this girl!

***

As you despair you suddenly see Christine approach as she rounds the corner of the hall.

"Are you alright what's happened?" she enquires.

Immediately you know you can't tell her about this. If it was anyone else they wouldn't believe you. You know Christine would believe you, but don't quite think she would sympathise with your sadness due to her experience.

Instead, you tell her that you've had a scuffle with your suitor whilst carefully avoiding any opera ghost related parts. Even though she is now the Prima Donna of the opera house she hasn't lost her touch with others. Unlike Carlotta she's very caring, you hardly know her, but still, she hugs you and tries her best to help you through this tough time. Eventually, you have the strength to get up and return to your shared room with the other chorus members who are glad to have you back.

Weeks pass of you leaving a note in the corner of the mirror as you used to but each time you return you find that the note is untouched and you're only adding another to the pile. After every performance is you scurry to box 5 in hopes that Eric will be there as he usually is, but to no avail. You spend hours each night crying alone in the box. Just hoping that maybe he was late this time.

Your minor role in the current opera becomes your anchor, your soul output of sorrow. Each night you pour so much raw emotion about your own relationship into the death of your fictitious stage husband, that the audience redoubles their applause at your curtain call.

Oddly enough Christine takes it upon herself to become a sort of mentor figure in your life. You become close with her even considering her a friend.

"I wouldn't be surprised if you take my place" Christine says her voice light and completely free of jealousy. Her face brightens an idea clearly having formulated in her mind.

"Come with me" she says extending a hand "I'm sure I can convince our managers, with my leading lady charms to give you a bigger role next time"

"No, no it's alright" you listlessly refuse

“No, I insist” she says grasping your hand half-dragging you to their offices.

“We gave you a chance and indeed you did not disappoint Madame” André exclaims “You have become somewhat of a highlight of show to the audience you know”

“Yes, I’m sure upon Miss Daaé’s recommendation some kind of arrangement can be made in future productions.” Firmin interjects.

If only you cared.

One late night in box 5, you decide you can’t take it any more. You head up into the flies looking for some tool, some piece of metal, strong enough, and you head to the mirror where you first watch the phantom disappear before your eyes. Not wanting to break the mirror, but willing to if necessary, you jam the piece of metal in between the frame and the mirror, trying to pry the door open and it doesn’t budge. You try again with a redoubled strength.

You kick against the glass, pulling as hard as you can on the metal scrap, you fall backwards, the metal cutting your palm as you do as you fall to the ground. Just as you’re about to stand and try again you see the mechanism has been triggered, and the door is ajar. You get you grab that chamber-stick that has been on your bedside ever since and head inside, closing the door behind you as you do so.

Once again, you traverse the winding tunnels under the Opera house and an eternity, later, you reach the cavernous residence of the Opera Ghost himself. As you enter you notice the room is in more disarray than usual. It tends to be cluttered, candle sticks, and music sheets on every surface but now it seems haphazard, dishevelled, music notes on the floor. His music such a precious thing would not be discarded like that.

You notice as you close the hidden door behind yourself that there is music playing. You recognise it immediately to be the song that you sing every night in the Opera. He is playing it with your own sorrowful additions, as well as his own. When it finishes, he segues into his own rendition of it a new composition, the music, is so mournfully emotional that your eyes start watering of their own accord .

You approach him slowly but he immediately picks up on the intrusion.

“Who’s there?” he frantically looks around his shout echoing of the walls and high ceiling.

As he turns you can see that his eyes are red rimmed and a shadow of sleep is bruised beneath them. He is unshaven and his usually prim, slicked back black hair is in disarray

“It’s me?” You timidly respond

“How did you get in here?” he says almost uninterested as he turns back towards the organ keys.

You burst out sobbing “I’m sorry” you say verging on hysterics “I won’t take the mask of ever again, I wont even touch it just talk to me! Look at me please!” You start apologising for the incident despite not having committed the crime.

He looks around alarmed.

“You didn’t take the mask off though did you? I found it beside my half of the bed after I had sent you away”

“Then why! Why did you leave me alone!” You cry out between sobs

“I had figured that you wouldn’t want to be with me anymore after seeing me my true self. Eventually I’d either push you away or you wouldn’t want to be with a disgusting creature like me. I thought I’d do us both the favour of avoiding inevitable hurt.”

“Just because that’s what you think doesn’t mean that’s what I think. Do you really think so little of me that the exterior will change what I think of you? How I feel for you! Do you think I don’t care at all? Why would I kiss you? Why would I leave note after note? Why would I wait for you every night?! Did you not see that? You clearly did if you’re playing that song! Why would I do that?
Explain!” You are angry now

He looks downright, astonished. He stands up abruptly knocking over the piano stool and crossing the room in a few long strides his hands grasp either side of your arms, his breathe smells of wine.

“I’m sorry” he says voice shaky, silent tears falling down his left cheek and under his mask. He stares at you, his eyes asking you for forgiveness. You wrap your arms around him tears running down your face too. He buries his face in the crook of your neck, the comforting familiarity of his mask cool against your throat.

You cannot hold it against him. Hatred and loathing all he has ever known, deprived of love and affection. The two of you head to the bed and lay down he is clearly still intoxicated, very overwhelmed and clearly judging by the dark circles very tired.

You lay down facing each other you stroke his hair as he falls asleep you follow shortly after.

Chapter End Notes

I accidentally read other phantom fics and hurt my own feelings so I will try to get another chapter out as soon as possible :)

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